A GOOD NAME RESTORED.

By W. R. Rose.

The balmy air of the south of France did wonders for Dunham Greer when he once began to climb the upward path to health. Within a week after he pushed aside his invalid chair he was able to walk a mile or more with but little fatigue. This emboldened him to try still larger excursions, long jaunts which were made in defiance of the old doctor's warnings.

"Don't punsh nature too hard, my boy," he warned Dunham. "She's the most patient and enduring of packhorses, but when she balks it's a mighty serious matter. Go slow, my lad, and she'll bring you through beautifully."

But Dunham was a little headstrong, and one sunny afternoon nature balked. He had tramped alone up among the blue hills with their sunny, vine-clad slopes, and had lost his way. He wandered on and on, until, suddenly, he quite collapsed. When he realized where he was, he found himself lying in the warm grass at the foot of a great tree, perhaps a half dozen yards from the highway. He was still faint and weak, and he found it quite impossible to rise. He made one abortive effort and then lay quite still and stared at the paling sky. He saw that the sun was rapidly going down, and he indifferently wondered how soon he would be found. Once or twice he again tried to rise, but somehow he couldn't get his muscles to back up his desire.

Presently he heard a light whistle rapidly growing louder, the whistle of somebody who was approaching.

"There's no foreign twang to that pipe," murmured Dunham to himself, with a pleased smile.

"Monsieur!" he called.

"Hello!" came a startled voice as the whistle stopped, and a moment later an eager face bent above Dunham.

It was a strong, sun-browned face, the fact of a finely developed man of nearly thirty. "What's wrong?" he anxiously added.

"Overtraining, I guess," laughed Dunham.

"Too light a diet, perhaps," said the stranger as he studied Dunham's appearance. "Collapsed, eh? Strayed away from the hotel, of course, and fell by the wayside. They do that, you know. Legs no good; back as bad as legs. Lucky thing for you, old man, that I came along. Might have been hard to find you by lantern light. Here, there's no help for it. I'll have to take you on my back down to the hotel."

Before Dunham could frame a protect the stout stranger had gently raised him and backed him against the tree and then turning suddenly had caught him around the legs and hoisted him on to his broad back and at once stepped off briskly.

"Hold tight," he said as he plodded down the gentle incline, "and kick your intelligent beast in the ribs if the pace grows irksome."

"Your are very strong," said Dunham admiringly, "and you know how to use your muscles. You have had some training, haven't you?"

"Four years of it," answered the stranger. "In the gym, on the gridiron and the track."

"Ah, I thought so!" cried Dunham. "I felt sure you must be a college man, I'm Dunham Greer, Harvard, '97."

"Greer, the plucky hundred yards man!" cried the stranger. "I've heard of you all right. Glad to know you." And he gave Dunham's calves a friendly squeeze.

"And you?" asked Dunham.

The stranger hesitated.

"I'm Tripp, '93," he brusquely answered.

"Not Benton Tripp, the hammer thrower and shot putter?" cried Dunham.

"Benton Tripp," said the stranger shortly. Then he harshly added, "Did you ever hear of me since I quit college?"

"No," said Dunham wonderingly.

"It's just as well," said the stranger gruffly. And then there was a little silence.

The sun had dropped from sight and the thickening dust was upon them. Lights began to twinkle in the town below. A few pale stars stole into sight above the darkening sea.

"I want to know you better," said Dunham presently. "I want you to promise to call on me at the hotel."

"It will do you no good to know me," said the stranger a little bitterly.

"I don't think I have ever met a person whom it didn't do me some good in some way to know," said Dunham, in his earnest manner.

"You may change your mind in this instance," said the stranger harshly, "especially when you know that I am an accredited agent of the Monte Carlo resort. That I'm sent out to look up my countrymen who chance to visit the south of France and the north of Italy, and when I find them, tell them of the attractions of alluring Monaco. That, in fact, I am a genteel steerer for a gambling hell."

"Promise me to come and see me tomorrow," persisted Dunham, but Benton did not reply.

They met a party of men with lanterns as they came in sight of the lights of the hotel. They were just starting out to look for Dunham. They raised a queer little foreign shout as the stranger passed them with his burden.

"I'll come," said Benton Tripp with an effort.

He marched straight up to the porch, where Dunham's father greeted his son with a relieved cry, and where Dunham's doctor quickly rolled the easy chair forward to receive the patient.

"I'm all right, father," said Dunham as he leaned back. "Just collapsed a little, that's all. The patient jade kicked as you said she would, doctor. And now let me present my strong backed rescuer, Mr. Benton Tripp, who"—

But Benton had slipped away in the darkness.

But he came again the next day. Dunham was back in the wheel chair and had propelled himself out to his favorite tree, and there Benton Tripp came upon him suddenly.

"I promised you I'd come," he said in a hurried way as he met Dunham's glad smile. Then he hastily went on as if fearful that his resolution would not last: "I want to tell you just who I am. I was foolishly glad yesterday that you did not remember it, but I am Benton Tripp, the defaulting bank teller." Dunham's bright eyes regarded him steadily, and he moistened his lips and went on. "My home is up in New Hampshire, and when I left college my relatives thought it would be fine to secure me a place in the local bank. It was a mistake. I wasn't fitted for the work. I had strong business instincts. The restraints of a teller's position was irksome to me. The salary was small, but that didn't worry me. There was all I needed for my personal wants. But I studied the markets early and late, and I knew that with a little assistance I could bring handsome yields from small investments. I was wild to speculate in something. One day I was sent to Boston on the bank's business and overheard a conversation in the train that convinced me a certain section of land in the city might speedily be utilized for railway purposes. Filled with the idea of a successful speculation I hurried to the owners of the apparently waste land adjoining the railway section and secured an option on it for thirty days.

"Before the option expired I took $12,000 from the bank and paid for the piece. Of course I told myself it was only a loan to be paid back with generous interest. It was only a question of keeping it dark for a few weeks, and then the discovery unexpectedly came! I was a disgraced defaulter. My act was published to the world. At the solicitude of my distracted friends I was not arrested. I turned over the land to the bank, understanding that the president, Mr. Jabez Pringle, bought it in personally at something less than I paid for it—and yet that very piece, as I afterward found out, must have trebled in value within sixty days after I left the place, for my friends made up a purse for me and sent me abroad. They are an honest lot, and there was no longer any home for me there. I knocked about for a year or so, finding little or nothing to do, and then I sunk my pride and got this Monaco job. I've paid off every cent I borrowed, but have heard nothing from any of my friends for many months. They are honest folk and are quite right in casting me off. And so, you see, I was right when I told you it would do you no good to know me."

"Sit down," said Dunham gently.

"My heart warmed to you,' murmured Benton a little brokenly. "You were my countryman and from my college—from amid those associations that were the happiest of my life. You can't imagine what it is to feel that you are morally cut off from both your country and your countrymen."

"I know what it is to be physically cut off," said Dunham, with a little smile. He put out his thin hand. "Won't you sit down, Benton?"

That night Dunham told his father Benton's story.

"A bad start," said the astute capitalist, "but perhaps a lasting lesson, Jabez Pringle, eh? I'll talk with the boy to-morrow. I've a little nut to crack with that old flint myself." And he chuckled slightly.

He saw and talked with Benton alone. When they parted, he turned to Dunham. "Good stuff in the lad yet," he said. "Tells me he has never gambled a cent's worth at Monaco. Going to leave there to-morrow and is coming over here. I'll write to Breed to-night and have him jab a sharp pole at that old hornet of a Pringle."

And so the next morning a letter went forth from the Front hotel addressed to Hon. J. Buffington Breed, the eminent counselor at law, whose glittering shingle hangs high on Broadway. An answer came in due course of time, an answer that made the usually phlegmatic financier chuckle with delight.

"Call up your friend, Dunny," he said. "I've got some news for him."

It was good news, of course. Lawyer Breed, backed by divers causes, had put the screws to the flinty Pringle to excellent purpose.

"He's going to publish a statement over his own name in the home papers that your trouble with the bank was all due to an unfortunate misunderstanding and that your good name has been handsomely re-established. Further than this he has paid over to you a neat sum of money, representing one-half the profits arising from the sale of the land that brought about your trouble on one condition—no publicity is to be made of the story. Ain't Breed a hummer?" And he laughed again.

Benton took the good news very gravely.

"What will you do now?" Dunham asked him as he pressed his hand.

"Get back to God's country as soon as I can," he replied.

"Going home?"

"No," said Benton. "It's home no longer. I'll go to New York and start in afresh." He turned to Dunham's father. "How can I thank you?" he said.

"Pooh, pooh!" growled the capitalist. "Don't thank me. I'm no sentimentalist. I should have been as hard on you as old Pringle, I suppose. Thank Dunny."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Water-Corrosion of Glass—Motion of Dissolving Crystals — Protective Packing—Photographs on Uncoated Metals—The Greatest Polar Problem — Automatic Train - Saving. Electric Waterproofing — Spinning Machines of Ants.

Workers in glass, especially opticians, are warned that certain kinds of glass appear to be so soluble in water that moisture quickly etches the surface, and destroys the transparency. Mr. E. Mondy, of Decca College, East Bengal, reports having noticed the dull appearance of a cut wine-glass and of finger bowls in which water had been allowed to stand, also the spotting of two decanters which had been dried after partial draining. These effects were all due to water-etching. This explains the rapid deterioration of optical apparatus in the moist climate of India, and proof that the fault is in the kind of glass used is furnished by the objectglass of a 3½-inch telescope, the inner surface of the convex lens being badly corroded, while the adjacent face of the concave lens was quite clear.

The motion of camphor in water is well known. A German chemist, K. Schaum, has taken such readily soluble substances as potassium, cyanide, potassium, nitrate, silver nitrate, calcium chloride, potassium permanganate and sugar, and has studied their their travels in dissolving by dropping single crystals upon mercury covered by water or dilute acid. The movements—greater in dilute acid than in water—are very characteristic. The crystal first takes a zigzag course, then changes to a circular path and finally turns rapidly on its axis. The rate of motion varies with the rate of solution and the surface tension of the mercury.

The new method of packing used for shipments of butter from Melbourne to Kimberley is recommended for delicate articles in general. The box is made from six panes of window glass, closed at the edges with gummed paper, and this is given a heat-insulating covering of plaster of paris, the whole being wrapped in waterproof paper.

The curious fact is noted by a French observer that nightingales devour the drones of a hive, without harming the workers.

An interesting discovery that has been forgotten for more than half a century was lately brought to notice by Major General J. Waterhouse. In 1842 Moser found that silver, like its compounds, is sensitive to light, and that a distinct image could be formed on a clean silver plate by exposing to sunlight for two or three hours behind a black tablet, with cut-out characters, and then developing over mercury vapor. He obtained similar results with copper, concluding that all substances are changed by light. Taking up the investigation General Waterhouse has proven that the photographic image may be visible after exposure, but that whether visible or invisible, it is clearly brought out on metallic silver by mercury vapor or developing solutions acting on the silver. The photographic action on other metals, except lead, appears to be very slight, although not yet fully tested. Experiments thus far made indicate that the cause of the action cannot be heat or pressure, but that the effect is due to the blue and violet rays of light. Whether it is a result of oxidization is yet to be learned, apparently, pure silver, it is known, often containing occluded oxygen.

The importance of a magnetic survey in the vicinity of the magnetic poles seems to have been overlooked by explorers. Dr. Cook, of the Belgian Antarctic expedition, points out that a geographical survey is of far less consequence, though vastly more difficult, in the region of the poles. Even the position of the magnetic poles is yet to be fixed. Many years ago the northern magnetic pole was found to be in the northwestern part of British North America, but its place is steadily changing, and is not now exactly known. Even less has been learned of the southern magnetic pole, all that can be said being that a circle 500 miles across could be drawn on the eastern end of Wilkie's Land with the certainty that the pole is within it.

A novel Russian device for lessening damage in railway collisions consists of an iron tube connected with the system of brakes. Cuts are so made on the tube that it becomes broken on the slightest irregularity of movement of the train, and this instantly sets the brakes. In a late test at Vershbolovo, a train reaching displaced sleepers and one passing upon displaced rails were promptly stopped without damage.

Success in water proof cloth by the aid of electricity is claimed by Mr. J. T. Van Gestel, after somewhat discouraging failures. The fabrics are saturated in a bath of soluble metallic salts, to which the dye is added, and an electric current is passed through them while in the bath. Suitable apparatus ensures the treatment of both sides alike, as the material is passed through. The action is not clearly understood, but it appears that a metallic oxide of one kind is formed by the nuscent oxygen liberated by the electric current, and this fills the pores of the fabric, giving a water-resisting surface, and at the same time serving as a mordant to fix the dye.

A remarkable exhibition of the web-spinning powers of the red ant (Oecophila smaragdina) has been reported by Mr. E. G. Green, of the Botanic Garwens, at Peradeiya, Ceylon. A breach having been made in a structure of leaves on which they were at work, the ants quickly drew the edges of the leaves together, and about an hour afterward they were seen to be passing back and forth across the gap two white grubs, from whose mouths issued continuous threads of silk that the ants were using to repair the damage. The larvae had evidently been brought from a nest, some distance away.

Lack of proper nesting places, too little water, the English sparrow, boys, collectors, birds on hats and the cat are among the causes of the decrease of song birds enumerated by D. Lang. He suggests protection and encouragement of the birds by planting trees and shrubs for them to live in, putting up nesting boxes for breeding, providing water for feeding and bathing and feeding in unfavorable weather.

The fire-proof building material known as uralite—much used in Russia for furniture, etc., is a compressed mixture of asbestos, chalk, silicates, sulhpuric acid, sulphate of alumina, etc., saturated with glue and mineral color. It combines the advantages of stone, with those of wod, and on battleships it removes the dangers of splintering and firing of wood.

Before he asks a woman a man can never understand why he doesn't; afterward he can never understand why he did.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON

August 5, 1900. Matthew XVII, 1-14 Jesus and the Children.

The training of the Twelve made large drafts upon the endurance and tact of the Master. Their racial and hereditary misconception of his kingdom was the most difficult of eradication. He had just unveiled to them his Via Dolorosa, but, explicit though he had been, it seemed all to no purpose. They saw only a flower-strewn path to a glittering throne. And they wanted it quickly decided how they should stand relatively to each other and to that throne. . . . . Before we are harsh with the disciples for their tardy approach to the true ideal of the kingdom, let it be remembered, they drank in their wrong notions with their mother's milk. Even Jesus could not easily train out of them ideas which had been trained into them for thirty years and more, and those the most impressible years of a human life. They were ideas, too, that were peculiarly consonant with their natural tastes and ambitions. . . . . The Searcher of Hearts knew very well the subject of the unseemly controversy in which his disciples had engaged on the way to Capernaum. They had perhaps separated from him on purpose "to have it out" among themselves—not yet having learned how naked and open all things were to him with whom they had to do. . . . . It was the master-stroke of the Master-teacher, the placing of the child in the midst of his self-seeking disciples. The instant obedience the child rendered when called; the docility with which he stood where Jesus placed him; and, in the end, the swiftness with which he ran to receive and return the Savior's embrace, and all with a self-oblivion to which the question, "What shall I have for this?" never so much as occurred—there, as in a simple living tableau, the characteristics of the approved disciple stood forth, a snowy cameo on an inky agate.

. . . . . And from the acted parable, as was his wont, the Savior passed to earnest, practical discourse, in which the principles of his kingdom were still further developed and applied. . . . . The conspicuous position to be accorded to childhood in the church is distinctly enunciated. If those like children are eligible to membership, then children themselves are already included. Jesus is childhood's Defender. He puts himself in the child's place. What you do of good or ill to the child, you do to him. . . . . The immediate surrender of the dearest earthly ambitions inimical to the spirit of the heavenly kingdom is insisted upon in language of unsurpassed vigor. Better one hand, one foot, one eye, and—heaven, than two hands, two feet, two eyes, and—hell! . . . . . The vivacious discourse closes aptly with a picture of the Good Shepherd going out with infinite sacrifice, pains, and persistence, to seek for one lost sheep. . . . The lovely tapestry of the homily to the Twelve is shot again and again with the golden thread of the Master's particular love, care, and provision for child-life. "Not the will of the Father that one of these little ones"; "Their guardian angels stand nearest the Father"; "The worst death conceivable would be preferable to the penalty of corrupting a child;" "Whoever takes a child under loving and helpful care takes the child and—me."

The Teachers' Lantern.

It would be out of place to criticise the schoolboy clutching his pen with inky fist, or hesitating and blundering from his dog-eared reader. Time may be when from that same hand will come Spencerian calligraphy, or from these lips periods an Everett would not disdain. So chide not the apostle in the bungling, short-sighted notions of their novitiate. The end crowns the work. . . . . True, they began with ambitions for self-aggrandizement—which should be secretary of state, and which of treasury, and all that; but they ended by giving the world the most sublime examples of self-abnegation of all the ages. Not in vain did the Master set a little child in their midst that day. . . . . "I'm sure the Savior smiled." Some one said one day that we do not read that our Savior, when on earth, was ever seen to smile. A little girl heard the remark. "What," she said, "didn't Jesus say to the children, 'Come unto me?' and they would never have come unless he had smiled!"

"I'm sure the Savior smiled,
Or else no little, trembling child
Had dared to venture near;
No darkening frown, no angry word,
Was ever seen or ever heard
While Jesus sojourned here."

The two-Messiah idea prevailed to a considerable extent among the Jews. The psalms and prophecies obviously pictured a suffering as well as a triumphant Messiah. But it seemed impossible for the Hebrew mind to apprehend that the sufferer and the victor was such through his suffering. The disciples, in their novitiate, were ready to attach themselves to the victor Messiah, but they wanted none of the sufferer. . . . . Evidently the apostles gave no such interpretation of Jesus' words. "Thou art Peter," as the Roman Catholic church has done, else the question of primacy would not have arisen among them. . . . . Unhappily, hierarchical ambition and "ecclesiastical politics" are not yet extinct. The more is the shame and pity, since two thousand years have passed in which to learn the spirit of the kingdom. . . . . The spirit of the little child who was willing to be employed by the Master—that is the animating principle of his kingdom. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister; not triple crown and jeweled crosier, but basin and towel, are badges of highest distinction.

Wheeling & Elm Grove Electric Railway

Cars will run as follows, city time:

WHEELING TO ELM GROVE.

Leave Wheeling.		Leave Elm Grove
a. m.	p. m.	a. m. p. m.
5:30	2:30	6:45 2:45
6:00	3:00	7:15 3:15
6:30	3:30	7:45 3:45
7:00	4:00	8:15 4:15
7:30	4:30	8:45 4:45
8:00	5:00	9:15 5:15
8:30	5:30	9:45 5:45
9:00	6:00	10:15 6:15
9:30	6:30	10:45 6:45
10:00	7:00	11:15 7:15
10:30	7:30	11:45 7:45
11:00	8:00	p. m. 8:15
11:30	8:30	12:15 8:45
12:00	9:00	12:45 9:15
p. m.		
12:30	9:30	1:15 9:45
1:00	10:00	1:45 10:15
1:30	10:30	2:15 10:45
2:00	11:00	2:45 11:30

Extra from Wheeling to Park and Return:

LEAVE WHEELING.			
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6:45	2:55	4:55	8:45
7:45	4:15	5:15	11:30